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ABSTRACT

This annual publication of the Young Adult Learning Academy (YALA) presents the art and writing of students in YALA. (YALA provides educational services to young people who have dropped out of school, are between 16 and 24 years of age, and read below the eighth-grade level.) This journal reflects the authors' and artists' perceptions of what it is like to be a young adult in New York City in the late 1980s. The poems, stories, and essays are about love, culture, and history. Thematic sections are entitled "Victories & Visions"; "Fire & Desire"; "We Shall Rise"; "Fantasies & Feelings"; "New Editions"; and "Blood Ties." Editors of the journal are also students. (YLB)

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YALA

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THE WILD JOKERS 5

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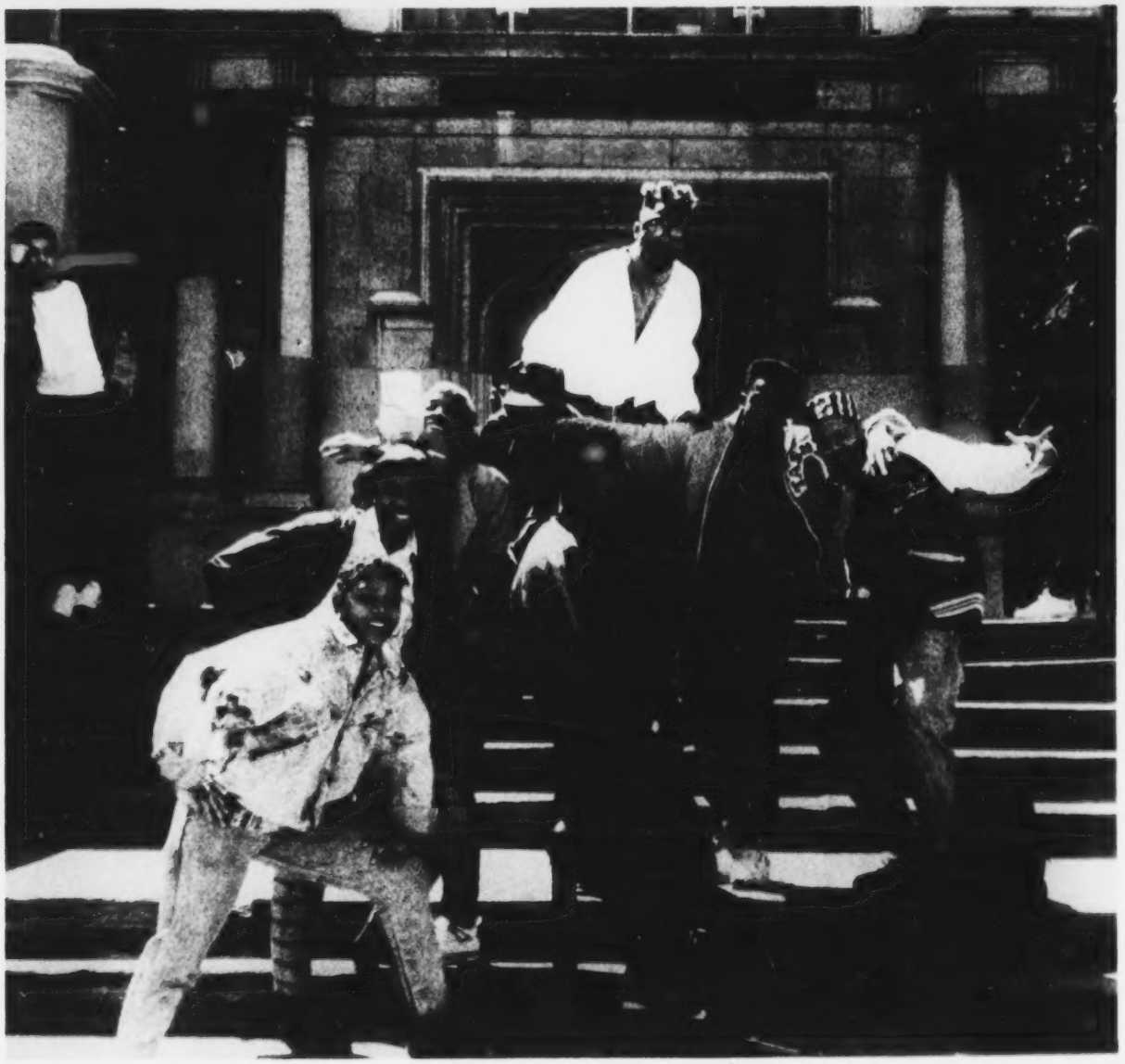

YALA Journal 1989

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YALA Journal Student Editorial Staff

As the student editors of this year's YALA journal, we are proud to present The YALA Journal #5. This is the first time the students have had the opportunity of writing, editing and putting together the journal. We have found the task of editing to be hard work.

There are many different sections in the journal that are interesting, particuarly submissions from the students about how it feels to be young parents. These writings are in the "New Editions" sections. We also have poems, stories and essays about love, culture and history.

Teachers and counselors have also contributed to this journal. We hope that you, the readers, will be pleased with the results.

Enjoy The YALA Journal #5

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Yessenia Acosta ..... Back Cover & 21
David Delgado ..... FrontCover & 45
Angel Garcia v
Luis Perez .....15, 17, 32, 45, 46, ... 47 & Inside Back Cover
Spencer Story 4

All photography by the YALA Journal Staff

Acknowledgements

The YALA Journal is an annual publication of the Young Adult Learning Academy (YALA). This year's Journal was produced by a special class of students who served as editors. The class was led by Lori Sbordone, a YALA instructor and House Convener. Terry O'Brien, YALA's Computer Systems Manager, supervised the layout and production.

The Journal is one of many projects at YALA designed to encourage students to assume active roles in their educations and to present their ideas, feelings and craft to others. I wish to thank the student editors, Lori Sbordone and Terry O'Brien as well as the many staff and students who helped to create the YALA Journal 5.

The Young Adult Learning Academy was established in 1984 for the purpose of providing educational services to young people who have dropped out of school. In order to enter YALA, students must be between 16 and 24 years of age and read below the eighth grade level. More than 1,000 young people participate in our program each year.

YALA was developed by the Mayor's Office of Youth Services, the New York City Department of Employment and the New York City Board of Education. In 1989, YALA became a program of the City University of New York.

I wish to express thanks to the agencies that provide financial support to YALA:

New York City Adult Literacy Initiative
New York City Department of Employment
New York City Board of Education
New York State Legislature through the City University of New York.

The Research Foundation of the City University of New York is YALA's fiscal agent. Carlos Mateu is our thoughtful and helpful Project Administrator.

Peter Kleinbard
Director, YALA
May 1989

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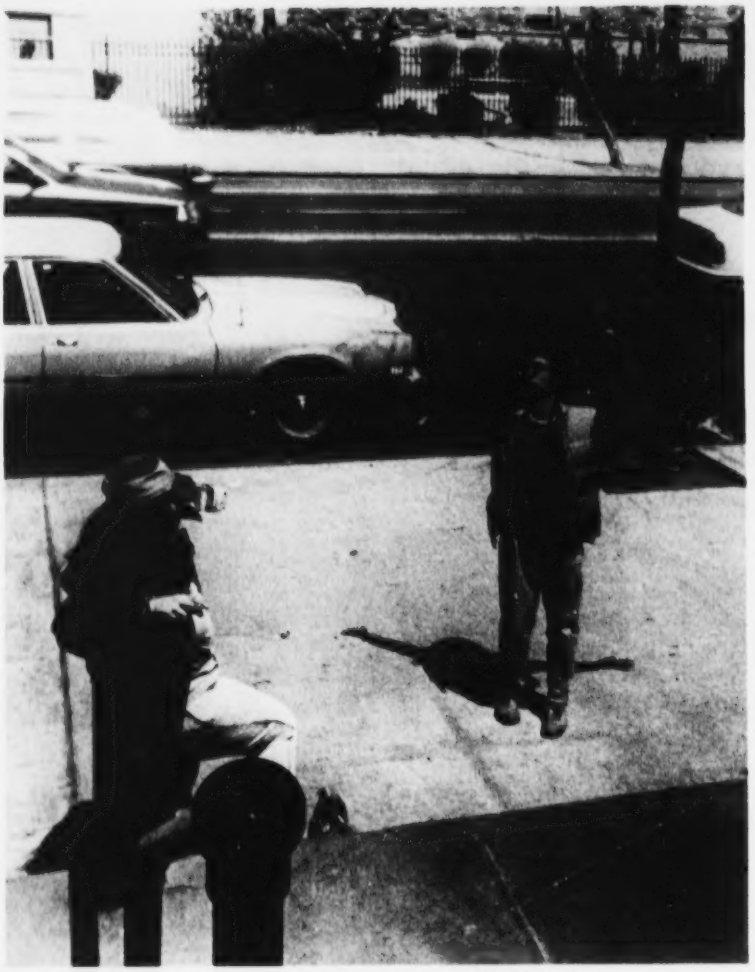
When Terry and I were offered the journal project, we made it clear that we were not interested in doing the journal ourselves; what we wanted was to try putting our collective expertise in writing, editing, word processing, layout and photography into the hands of a group of students and see what they could come up with. We believe this journal indicates just how much these young people can accomplish when they are empowered by our faith, trust and knowledge.



"The YALA Journal" appeared on the schedules of the full-time intermediate class in place of a more traditional occupational-ed class. We explained to the students the first day of class that no one but them could tell the story of what it is like to be a young adult in the late 1980's, that it was a story that had to be told and that it was their job to tell it. They accepted the challenge with little hesitation, and while their enthusiasm wasn't always consistent, each of the student editors had to "dig deep" to make this journal happen.

'Nuff respect is due to David Delgado and Yessenia Acosta. David is responsible for the fresh front cover, the illustrations on page 45 and much of the photography. Yessenia's beautiful drawing of a mother and child graces our back cover. She also contributed the illustration on page 21 and two of her poems.

To those students who made The YALA Journal 5 such a shining success, my wish is that you remember this experience as but one example of what you can accomplish when you concentrate your mental prowess and determination on a target. To the writers and artists, those of you who are standing in the threshold looking in at a society which seems to want to take all you've got and offer very little in return, my prayer is that you are listened to. Keep the faith, and stay strong! Like it or not, you are the ones who will have to turn this world around.

Lori F. Sbordone & Terry O'Brien

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VICTORIES & VISIONS

Victory

There is a woman that I know who is going against the odds in her life. She was born in the slums of the South Bronx to a mother who used drugs and a father whom she never knew. She fought to get her education and find a better life. Her name is "Victory" because she is going to lead her people to freedom. She is a Latino woman raising two boys.

She needs two credits to attain her law degree. She knows it won't be easy in the rat race of a racist society, but she will not succumb to the white man's order to stay on welfare and live in misery.

Finding a decent school for her kids is her top order. "My kids will be empowered with education and not blinded by drugs," she says. Some nights she is very exhausted from school. She shuffles through her crack infested block. As she drops her groceries, she trips over a derelict. She vows a better neighborhood for her kids. Some days when she picks them up from school, she takes them to the library or to the movies. She will not let them play among the junkies.

She is a role model for our times. I walked through her neighborhood and saw the pain and wreckage gripping the souls of the oppressed. She is a shimmer of hope to the welfare line. [ie. the white man's ticket of life to the Black and Latino community] She will not succumb to these racists, and she vows to bring a new energy and hope for her people. In the middle of the night, she can only hope they will follow her, and see the words that she wrote:

Oppressed, but not beaten
A new path
for all, To Freedom.

by David Baron

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Wisdom

Wisdom is like a tree
    firmly rooted and strong
    standing tall and free
Who's trunk is like knowledge,
    which is righteous and true.
The branches are veins of memory
    stretching forth solid and shrewd.
Its leaves are thoughts,
    they come and go.
Wisdom is like a tree which flourishes,
    its seedlings are many.
A tree which is strong
    changes not with the seasons.
One which grows weak
    withers away and is no more.

by Carlos Santiago

If You Never Try

    If you never try
You'll never have to face defeat.
    If you never run a race,
You'll never lose the heat.
    If you never stretch your talent,
You won't risk a tear.
    If you never take a chance,
The odds you'll never fear.
    If you have a lifelong wish,
    and you don't venture out.
you'll never overcome uncertain doubt.
    If you have a goal to reach,
    and time is passing you by,
You'll never know fulfillment
    If you never try.

by Danette Evans

My Hobby, Dancing

I love to dance all the time because, when I'm dancing I feel real excited. Dancing makes me relax my mind and just go with the flow of moving my body. It also makes me relax when I have something on my mind. I like to sit and listen to the music, and right away ideas pop into my head about a new dance step.

When I was a little girl, I used to dance outside my apartment building in the yard. A few other girls and myself were dancing. The people that were passing by would stop to watch us dance. I mean, we were so good that the passersby would throw us nickles, quarters, dimes etc... Us girls that were dancing made sure that we all had our own box, so no one would take the other person's money.

As I grew older, I always wanted to teach dancing. Then one day my dream came true. When I was twenty years of age, the director from the community center in Coney Island asked if I would like to teach, and I said,"Yes, of course!" Boy, was I overjoyed. I wanted to get started right away. So what I did was I walked around the building with my pen and paper, and signed up about thirty to forty kids: boys and girls. We did dancing such as aerobic, creative, African and so on. Our first talent show was a success, and after the talent show I gave them a dinner party, and that turned out to be a success also.

Today I'm not teaching dancing because, I don't have the oppurtunity right now. My goal is to be a professional dancer. If I don't reach that goal, I will continue to dance, because I love to dance.

by Robin Sowell

YALA

I will never forget the first day I walked into YALA, because I was here on the wrong day. No one was here in the building, except Frank. I came back for my entry level test, and from that moment on I have been doing very well for myself. YALA is a very good program. The teachers are excellent.

All of the teachers at YALA will go out of their way for you. If you honestly want to succeed in your future, it's up to you to look at yourself and see the mistakes you have made in your life. Only you can change yourself for the better, for the future.

When you can admit your mistakes and carry yourself as a decent, mature and respected young adult, you can reach your dreams. Work very hard at your goal and the teachers and counselors here at YALA, will do all they can to help you on your way for the future.

by Carol Adams

God Supreme Understanding Equality

(A Mystery Story)

A strange person approached me on the dark street. I couldn't tell who it was, even if it was a woman or a man. A voice that sounded like it was coming from a robot computer said, "Supreme. Come. It's time to die." I didn't wait to see who it was; I just turned around and ran like hell. I ran a good five blocks without stopping. When I finally stopped and turned around, there it was - a white short female. I froze to death; my legs would not move. It got closer and closer. It grabbed me. My eyes were closed, and when I opened my eyes it was "Ms. Gee" I just looked and passed out. When I came to, I was just sitting in a wooden chair. I looked, and I saw all my teachers. I was shocked because it was all the teachers who had given me homework and I never did it. They stared at me. My math teacher said, "Jeff, it's time to die." I said, "Why? I am just a short, skinny, good looking guy." They all said, "You Jeffrey Smith! You never gave in your home work and now it's time to die." Then they stuck pencils and pens in me. That's when I woke up.

by Jeff Smith

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My Personal Math History

As far back as I can remember it was my father who taught me math. He started teaching us as soon we learned how to hold a pencil. (The us are my sister and I.) My father was a self taught man, and he was very good at it. He solved some of the hardest math problems ever. When we were ready for school he did not, and I repeat, did not want to send us to school. My father was, and still is, a devout Muslim, and he didn't want us around no kids that were not Muslims. So he took us out of public school and put us in Muslim school. To be truthful, I used to be very good at math, but before I could get into it he took us out of school, period.

As of October 1988, I haven't been in school for 13 years, so I really don't know much about math. To me, it's like starting all over again. It's going to be tough, but I'm ready now to learn math. I still like it; I just need somebody to teach me how it's supposed to be done. I think that it will be mostly fun and easier than I think.

Now, as of March 1989, my progress in math has absolutely amazed me! I didn't think that I could do it, but I am, thanks to my math teacher. If it wasn't for her my understanding of math would be untouched. I still have a long way to go before I have a complete understanding of math. But hopefully, before long I will have it all "down pat". I'm on a roll now, and I'm determined to get my math history back on the right track, because once you understand it, it gets much easier.

by Tahirah Whitmore

The Mountain Top

If you want to be on the top,
Don't let the cares of life make you stop.
Some will start and some will stop
But we must strive to be on top.
The top is as high as we can go
While the doubtful ones plunge below.
We must hold this mountain so high
That we are the only ones on top,
Where they must come up and stop going
Down.

by Donna Murray

Life

Life is what you make it.
It can be the shimmering gold of success,
Or the wreckage of failure.

Hold onto the power of your dreams.
Realize what you can achieve.
Go out into this world with your head held high.
Be brave and willing to try.

Always believe in yourself, expecting the best.
If you work as hard as you can,
Then the best is what you will get.

by David Baron

What Vera and YALA Did for Me!

When I came to YALA, I had just gotten over losing the one I cared most about, my mother. I always made reasons for not going to school. When she passed, she left only her three sons. My oldest brother, William, left school in the eight grade to move to New Jersey. I left in the beginning of the eleventh grade, and my little brother Rainer is now in his first year of high school. I know how to keep my little brother from making a mistake. I had to go back to school.

See the only job I could get was a fast food job, and it is very hard for anyone to take care of a family on one of them jobs. So after six months I gave up the apartment to my oldest brother. I didn't want to leave it, but I couldn't keep working full time and part time. Plus, my girl friend was pregnant at the time. So when I came to YALA, I really didn't know where I was going or what I was going to be doing in the future. Vera and YALA got a hold of me and really changed everything for me, from bad to good. Like I said the only job I could have gotten was one of them low paying fast food jobs, but thanks to Vera and YALA I can and will be getting high paying job.

by Maurice Withers

Wall Frames: Only Now Is Lived

Situational self: the me of the moment,
determined by setting and characters,
show up and begin.
Perceptions of past and future
projecting other selves to see
cannot reclaim innocence
or passport us to euphoria for even a day.
Roll! Roll the rock despite the slope,
Movement is the only proof of existence.

Walls papered with nostalgia
upon close inspection may yield
a total stranger.
The happiest past refuses resusitation.
Where faces connote love and worth,
lightning may strike what's already burned.
Tomorrow's notalgia could fashion
a wall worth lifting the shade to see.
Roll! Roll the rock despite the slope,
Movement is the only proof of existence.

by Frank Wirmusky

Drugs

There are a lot of drugs out there these days, and a lot of people out there are getting hurt or killed. A lot of people are getting on these drugs, and it's just messing up our community.

People are getting killed because they owe the drug dealers 10 and 15 dollars. When the dealers find that person who didn't pay them their money, they might try to kill them or put a couple of bruises on them.

On the streets the dealers have kids as young as 10 and 11 years old working for them. They haven't even reached junior high school. If they mess up (and it only takes one mistake) the head leader will try to kill the kid for messing up the deal when the child doesn't know what he is doing in the first place.

If we could just stick together and don't fall out of line we'd be fine. If not, the next thing you know there will be a lot of empty spaces in the line, and the world is gonna go into pieces.

by Crystal McRae

Can One Go Back?

In a spiral towards the future
All experience is a circle;
Thrusting forward, winding backward,
Flowing sideways with the current,
We are swept to new dimensions,
Apprehensions of the whole.
We are seeking - are we finding?
Is the searching ever ended?
Do we feel the inner stretching
Of the muscle of the mind?
Like computers, circuits flashing,
Bits of knowledge flipping places,
We are left with curious symbols
On a screen of blank intention,
Geometric figures, or blips of unknown language,
Like the caveman's painted bison
Over humpbacked rocks on walls.
As the future rushes towards us
All the wealth of past and remembrance
Floods the circuits of our brainwwaves
Making past and future meld.
Going back is going forward
Into deeper, new awareness
With a richer range of symbols
To decipher present NOW.

One can go back. It is a pilgrimage that opens new doors, teaches new lessons from the hardship of the old. Cairo was the same, only worse. I loved the burnt toast smells, the haunting call to prayer in the stillness of the night, the frequent smiles and friendly eyes whenever I would attempt an Arabic phase. I was again appalled by the pervasive dirt, the flies on children's faces, the skinny, bare-ribbed dogs lying in the streets as if dead (oddly--they howl at night in an eerie chorus of wails as background to the mystical performance of "Sound and Light" at the Karnak Temple in Luxor). Cairo's choking traffic has quadrupled with its population. Pollution shrouds the pyramids in the dingy panorama from the heights of Mohammed Ali's Mosque. The entire city lies below in sepia haze, minarets and modern, formless buildings mile upon mile in the heavy pall of smog and sunset.

When I visited the students of my former school, I loved the cheerful faces, secondary girls in navy, elementary dressed in green, their eyes so dark and laughing, always eager to meet a stranger foreigner, delighted, giggling, crowding in to see the visitor as if you were something magical, entertaining. Abeir, a ninth grade Muslim girl, showed me around the old, three story building where classrooms were added even on the roof. I

could hardly believe how primitive it was. How had I survived teaching there for three years (Lois for 36!)? The smooth stone staircase, slippery with dust, was still scooped out like spoons in the middle from all the pounding little feet, children K through 12 running up and down. This former villa had bedrooms for classrooms, balconies that looked up and down on the dirt-filled courtyard where navy blue teenagers played hop scotch with a stone, the rough squares etched with a stick in the thick grey dust. Green little girls ran giggling to the corner of the yard when they saw that I was watching. My camera brought them wriggling back, all smiles, for they love to pose for pictures.

Abeir took me to Pre-kindergarten, a roomful of shy, excited faces, then first grade where the teacher led the girls through their English lesson: "These are my fingers, 1-2-3-4-5. This is my nose!" The room vibrated with their shrill, childish voices in rote drill. Their Egyptian teacher was so proud. She remembered me from 20 years ago; I vaguely remembered her face.

I cannot put into words the feelings that ran through me, the happiness and pride that I was once a part of this - the relief that I was no longer teaching there. I could remember feeling captive 5000 miles from home, committed to a promise of three years. Sometimes it seemed an endless sentence, an impossible task, a lonely effort to try help in an unconquerable sea of poverty and backwardness. Sometimes it was a challenge fulfilled. My "Special English" students were bright and willing. They called me "Miss Shakespeare" because I introduced them to his genius for the first time in there lives. They loved Romeo and Juliet. They loved creative writing. Stories flowed from their journals full of passion and violence and teenage romance. Often their true stories were harder to believe. Some of our girls from the Mission Home had been abused, abandoned by their families, and they had visions, nightmares of relatives wielding butcher knives - or more simply - long weeks of silence from a mother who was supposed to care. Christmas came with presents from America, dolls they could never see in Cario stores, candy and clothes, and sweaters they knit for each other on looms donated by the Mission. In 1965 I returned to Cario three years after I finished teaching there to spend Christmas with the "Fowler Girls" (The Mission Home for Girls) and my husband had the inimitable pleasure of playing Santa Claus to all those dancing eyes!

by Sallyann Keith

My Vision

I have a vision of a world at peace. "Impossible," some say. I say they are non-believers. I see drugs seized and banished, never to poison our earth and minds ever again. I see prejudice and hate never used, never to show it's ugly face on this earth again. I see world leaders taking and shaking hands. Meeting once and for all on common ground.

You see we are the next generation. Let us put our hearts and minds together. Let's bring this world to victory, chart our course and go to work!

by David Baron

Teachers

Teachers speaking dictionary language
Confuse the mind of the young.
They talk about the calm
And the savage
That makes it hard, but fun.

The life style of the rich and famous
Seems to reflect on us.
We want to know more about our nation
About the trains, the planes and buses.
As time goes by,
As we see today,
Life has changed in many ways.
We have one life to live for now
But we will make it through some how.

by Joyce Flores

Cherish This Chance

Cherish this chance.
Don't stop now baby.
Are you gonna be my man?
I don't want to hear maybe.
You can play with my heart
if you want to
I'll get a new man
and you'll be through.
So Cherish This Chance
for you may never get another.
Once I give you a taste
you won't want no other.
Hold hands sweet bliss
a delicate kiss,
I'm sure you won't miss
an affair like this.
So cherish this time
it's yours and it's mine.
Just relax your self
and our souls will combine.
Yes, I'm gonna hold on
with all of my might.
Man and wife by day.
Freak lovers by night.
I'm very for real
and I get what I want.
You're the one I chose
and I will not front.
So think about it baby
your mind I will enhance.
So stop fronting young man
and CHERISH THIS CHANCE.

by Raquel Hylon

When It's Cold

The place is freezing and
I am cold.
You're at home in your warm bed,
sleeping, thinking or fantasizing.
I am cold and all alone,
thinking about you.
Your soft tender touch and kisses,
make me feel happy.
I am unhappy now because
I am alone and cold.

In my ears I could hear your voice,
the soft whispering of your lips.
It makes me feel so uncomfortable because
I'm cold and all alone.

I could hear the wind blowing,
the cracking of the tree limb,
I'm scared,
I'm all alone, cold,
thinking about you.

My heart is aching for your
love and tender touches.
I hear a voice from the bottom of my heart,
It's yours !!!
In my thoughts I could see you crying,
crying from my agony.

You really think you hate me but,
you don't. You really love me,
love me so much,
you can't stop thinking about me.
I'm cold and all alone,
thinking.....

by Suresh Bissoon

Forever

Did you know that God above,
created you for me to love?
He picked you out from all the rest,
because he knew I'd love you best.
I had a heart and it was true,
but now it's gone from me to you.
So take care of it like I have done,
for now you have two and I have none.
If I get to heaven before you're there
I'll carve your name on a golden chair.
For all the little angels to see,
just what your love means to me.
If you're not there on Judgement Day,
I'll know you went the other way.
I'll give the angels back their wings,
golden harps and all those things.
And just to show you what I do,
I'd even go to hell for you.

by Crystal Anderson

Resign

I could resign on you, my love
Yes resign to life
but life is you
and without you I'll die.
Resign to my heart, the one
who gave me happiness
Yes resign to the love that you
give me everyday.
Resign to love you,
I don't know if I could do it
but even if I can from far away
I could love you.
I'll resign to myself,
words and everything else,
but I won't resign to love you
even if loving me, you resign.

by Paulita Santos

Waiting

I

When I was young
and just a child
I met a man
who was so wild
He filled me with
a lot of dreams
yes, I was seventeen .....

And then the time had come
to say " You go your way
I'll go mine."

People talking
all the time
Nosey minders
mind their minds.

I wish the day
would come for me!

When I was young
and just a child
at seventeen.

II

I started dating
guys again, and then
I met "that one" again
I didn't know where to turn
someday I will have to learn.
I wish that he
would turn out right
cause if he doesn't
He'll take the bite.

People talking
all the time
Nosey minders
mind their minds.

I wish the day
would come for me!

When I was young
had just begun
at twenty-one.

III

I was twenty-four
feeling free!
I was married as
I wanted to be.
A year went by
I was twenty-five.
Yes, it's sad -
my marriage died.

And so the story's
said to be
I'm married now
to misery.

Yes, my story's sad
but true -
It's just - I don't know
what to do.

People talking
all the time
Nosey minders
mind their minds.

I wish the day
would come for me!

Here I am at
Twenty-five
Still around
still alive -

Still waiting -

I wish the day would come for me!

by Adrienne Flanagan

The Nightmare Party

It was March 16, 1989, 11:30pm. Friday night in Brooklyn. Five friends were going to a party expecting to have a fun night, but it was totally the opposite. We were expecting a house full of girls, but instead, it was a house full of men with only about three ladies, and they were married. The men there were very strange. They seemed a bit secretive: whispering to each other, then eyeing us down. Suddenly, one of my friends noticed two strange men dressed in their own funny way. I don't mean drag, some of them had their own feminine way about them.

Curtis, my friend, pointed out to me this is not our style. Curtis said, "Yo Brian, we gotta leave this place." I wanted to leave myself, but it just wouldn't be right because my friend Steve had invited us to his brother's birthday party. So I told Curtis, "I notice that myself, but Steve said there should be a whole posse of girls coming in any minute now." It was already twelve o'clock. I said, "Give the party another half an hour, then we step."

Curtis agreed. Then one of the hosts brought out a whole pile of chicken, and everyone started to dog their faces with chicken and beer. Derrick asked Steve to dance. I said to myself, "As much as I hate to do this to my friend Steve, I have to get the fuck out of this place." So I pulled Steve to the side and told him my reason for wanting to leave his brother's party.

I said, "Steve, I gotta get the hell out of this place. There are no females. Derrick and Mark are dancing with each other, and there is a little posse of guys snickering and pointing at us."

"I understand you. I'll check you around three o'clock tomorrow." So we all stepped out of that place. Everyone was relieved to leave that place except Derrick. He tried to use the excuse I used for leaving, for staying. Derrick said, "We came all the way out here from the Bronx to Brooklyn. Eat Gary's food. Drink his beer and then step. That's fucked up!"

Tracy, my uncle, told Derrick, "If you want to stay, you can stay. We're outa here!" So everyone agreed that we leave.

Before we left, everyone grabbed a couple of beers. By then, the night was almost over, so everyone went his own way. That's what I call a nightmare party.

by Brian Smith

Remember

I remember you
    when you didn't remember me.
You tried to bring me down,
    but I always stood on my feet.
You said you'd love me and never let go,
    but one day, I woke up and there was nothing to show.
You left me with a pack of bills
    never wondered how I will
Pay them.

Get the cash,
    or just forget about your ass.

by Robin Sowell

Have I Ever Told You

Have I ever told you
how much you mean to me
the gentle way you touch my hand
the way you look at me?
Have I ever told you
that my world stood still
until you came into my life
and my emptiness you filled?
Have I ever told you
how your eyes reflect my heart?
And in those eyes I can see
you and I will never part.

by Daniel Brandon

Men are Dogs

It's their natural way,
They can't help but go through life
Thinking of their next lay.
You let them in
And they accept with glee
But even after Junior arrives,
They continue to run free.
Don't let them talk
Of their love for you,
Because if you mon[illegible]r their acts
You'll see what I say is true.
So take my advice,
And be careful in every way
Because men will dog you,
It's their natural way.

by Curletta McClanahan

A Real Woman

A woman plays a big part in a man's life.
How can you tell a real woman?
Well here is how I can tell a real woman.
A real woman carries herself with a lot of class and style.
She is a very loving, caring and understanding person.
She has a good head on her shoulders.
She never gets mad,
But in her own way
She'll get even.
And that's a real woman in my sight.
I wish that I could find me someone like that
To hold on to
And to care for,
Till then
I'm just Chillin'.

by Anthony Blair

Only A Dream

One night, while home alone
thoughts filled my head,
about the hurt in reality all men dread.
That's falling in love, with the girl of your dreams,
But she loves another man, so your love's not seen.
Now you're hurt beyond belief, wondering what's wrong,
making up dumb excuses, you know, the same old song
about what does he have that you don't possess
that one single quality above the rest.
Is it material things that makes her really care?
Or is it the happiness and joy that they both share?
Knowing deep in your heart that you possess the cure,
for an eternity of love, that'll you both endure.
But it's for her heart only, that you'll let it show
Don't suffer alone 'cause there's another way to go.

Just dim all your lights and relax your mind.
Fulfill all your destiny of souls entwined.
Just imagine the oceans, its waves of blue
the sounds of the birds, when singing to you
the sun and its rays, heartwarming the sky.
In the confound of peace, your heart still cries.
Just picture the beauty, found deep in your soul
you and her together, till time grows old.
That's where true love is found, and your cries are heard,
in your paradise of thought, for none to disturb.
Reality is lost in your private world
where fantasies prevail, with that special girl.
There in your dreams, the empty void of love,
will exceed all the boundaries of heaven above.
While your body lays in slumber, your heart still screams,
but remember one thing, It's only a dream.

Your mind perceives the innocence. It's yours to control
the ecstasy and the pleasure of encountering souls.
In the realm of subconsciousness and vivid thought
where the battles for love are all won and lost.
Up against all the odds, of reality's trip
you control your inhibitions, on the quiet tip.
Just ponder the miracles, performed inside

Continued

Only A Dream *(cont.)*

of your mind, with your dreams, while temperatures rise
to unreachable heights, of uncontrolled desire
infinity the limit, reaching higher and higher.
Building and climbing, to the ultimate explosion
of lust and desire, while your bodies lie frozen
in time, from the warmth and seclusion;
it's all so real, not a mental illusion.
For you to manifest this trivial play,
of you and her together eight hours a day.

So embark on this journey, the path is paved
with unprofound pleasure, the price is paid
with the torture and pain of a soul crying out
for affection and caring and love, no doubt
overflowing its boundaries, possessing the strength
of relentless love, no human can taint.
If her man interferes, use your juice and clout.
It's an A and B thing, he can C his way out.
Just remember it's your world, how long must you hear it.
Can't have her in body? Then have her in spirit.
But there is one catch. I must intervene,
'cause realistically, it's only a dream.

A dream is a dimensional door
of unexplained phenomenon for you to explore.
'Cause deep in the mind, deep down in the depth
lies undisturbed secrets that are laid to rest.
Only you possess the key to unlock what's hidden
to share with another, in a time that's ridden
with hate and jealousy, fueled by a love affair.
It's there in a place, where love is forever shared.
Growing and thriving, fulfilling the space
of darkness, of emptiness that is shown on your face,
of them being together, while you're left alone.
Just helplessly watching, and forced to roam
this relentless world, or so it seems.
Find peace in yourself, and love in your dreams.

by M. L.

The Truth

You were always kind and gentle,
until you were taught,
how to dismantle.
The dismantling of our love.
Your friends and family may inspire you,
but inspiration will lead you,
until your heart breaks.

You will never be able to tie,
the knots of love.
The kind of love,
I have for you.
You never tell me that you love me,
nor you hate me but,
the mark I put on you,
will always make you think about me.

I could remember kissing you,
all over your house.
The kissing that starts from,
your couch,
in the hall,
to your bedroom.

Though today you dismantle everything,
the pieces will always be there forever,
in your memory,
in your brains and,
whenever you hear my name.

I love you then,
I love you when,
I love you where but,
never forget,
I'll love you always.

by Suresh Bissoon

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It's About a Place

This is a place far, far away. Where there's birds flying in the air and a beautiful blue sky with clouds like little pillows flying by. I'm walking on the beach, and the water comes ashore. I'm standing there watching the little birds on the sand running from the cool water.

I keep laughing at the little creatures. The hot sun hits my face and keeps the water warm. The air is so fresh; it smells like wild roses. And here comes my little pet, Muffin. He is so fine with golden brown hair that shines brightly as the sun shines on him. I'm standing there in a thin nightgown.

The wind is blowing through my hair, and I've wanted to go into the water since the first day I arrived. The temptation is overwhelming me. I just can't hold back anymore. I look down at myself. I forgot that I don't have on my undergarments and my nightgown has excellently clung to my body. I put my hands up to my head to push back my hair. I am looking in the sky where the birds are flying, and I look down at myself again.

I never felt like this before; I feel so sexy. Nobody is around, so I take off my gown and lie on the beach all nude, with the sun hitting my backside and my Muffin lying on my stomach. I never felt like that before in my life. Then I fell asleep for an hour. When I woke up, it was 1:00 p.m., and I still felt sexy. I started walking around nude with my chest bouncing around while the air was hitting my body. I felt so good. I went to the water, and it was so blue and clear. Then I went walking to my beach house. On the beach there was a couple sitting and drinking wine, but they didn't have any clothes on. I just stood there looking at the couple, and I couldn't help it; I started getting hot.

I turned away and walked to my house. I had to take a cold shower. I took some soap and rubbed it all over my body with the lather running down my back. I was lying in the bath tub with a little glass of wine.

by Evelyn Marie Salinas

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Summer of '81

Walking too fast I
Didn't notice the money
Exchanged on the corner
Eighty-four degrees at nine pm.

The guy's hand went into his jacket
But he soon looked away since
I kept going... to your door, shabby
And reddish with worn brass

We finished the wine then your mother
Called telling you to watch
Out in New York

I caressed your thighs as you answered her
Closing your eyes
The fan rattled and so did the bed -
Why'd you put it right next to the front door?

You told me not to kiss you in the morning
Cause you'd be late to work if we started somethin'

I heard you scream in the middle of the night
Cabs honked
There was a waterbug in your sink and
I killed it with sleepy eyes
Then the sheets were soaked
So we had to sit on the floor for a while
Letting the fan pass over them

You talked about your trip to France when you were
Just nineteen
We drank more wine
I wish I had brought a change of clothing

by Leslie Chassagne

Temptation

Everytime I see him
The fire burns.
I hold back the Temptation
Trying to ease the Frustration.

I show no feelings
No - no one can see.
I hate this feeling
It's hurting me.

I want to express myself
Yes - tell him how I feel.
Trying to fulfill myself, nevertheless,
Trying to heal.

by Willie Malloy

Falling in Love

Falling in love isn't easy
Because of all the pain.
Sometimes it feels so nice,
Then it's very strange.
What will I do? Keep believing in you?
Baby, please tell me will it be me and you
Even after all we've been through?
Lying and cheating most of the time
Not really knowing if you were all mine.
Falling in love is just a game
Will it always be the same?

by Tonya James

Believe

I believe in you,
    Like you believe in me.
We were once a great team,
    Then you left me and never turned back.
I always thought it might be the crack.

Then suddenly, I see you walking down the street.
    I look,

        Say hello, and you don't speak.

by Robin Sowell

Love

Love is a very big word
Even though it has only four letters.
When you say that you love someone
You should mean it.
Some people use the word just to say it,
But to say the word love
And to mean the word love
Are two different meanings all together.
Love is a powerful thing.
It can bring a person joy,
As well as pain.
And that's why I could not never understand
The word love.

by Anthony Blair

You're Gone

I often wonder why
you left with her,
never saying goodbye.
I tend to forget
you're gone.
Everything get's done
but everything is wrong.
If you'd come back,
would it
be right?
I'd never let you go
forever holding you tight!

by Sandra Serrano

Goodbye Love

Even through I hate to leave you boy
As I cry, walking out the door,
Temptation keeps asking me to stay.
Even though we've been through
The same thing before,
I can't believe this is happening to us.
We made vows to never depart.
Now, I turn my back to see if you're hurt
Because I also feel it deep in my heart.
You said you'll never leave me.
I said I'll never leave you.
But fairy tales don't always come true.
You promised to stay with me.
I promised to stay with you.
I guess we blew a good thing baby,
Because I'm saying GOODBYE LOVE.....

by April Neal

Just Friends

I never meant to love you
it happened quite by chance.
I wanted just to be your friend
not to share your romance.
But something happened suddenly
before my heart could know.
I came to know a side of you
that caused my love to grow.
The tender way you touch me
my prayer will never end
a miracle of circumstance,
my lover, my best friend.

by Daniel Brandon

The Definition Of The Word Love

Love is my favorite subject in writing because love is just one word. The word love has many definitions. It can mean paradise, clear blue skies, walks in the park, trust, loyalty, sincerity, two innocent people laughing and saying, "I love you." At times it could also be disappointing, for example: fights, cheating and disloyalty. No respect. Hearts are broken in pieces. It seems the paradise you once had has turned to a tunnel of doom, and the clear blue sky has turned gray and muggy. It happens. You fall in love. You fall out of love. Oh, just one thing I must mention; not only do you feel these things, but you might also feel hate and sadness, happiness, joy and so much more. Look on the bright side - you could fall in love a thousand and one times. Love is everlasting. It never ends.

by Esther Jones

My Name's Not Nigger

I got a name
It ain't,"Get a mop!"
or "The toilet's stopped."
Them, I can handle
But, "Nigger!!!"
People think it's ok
if you're Black, too.
They don't know.
When my father got beat up
lost an eye,
his name was nigger.
When my great grands
got lynched,
hung to death
lost his life
His name was nigger.

by T. Jake

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Being Black

Being Black is beautiful.
Being Black is sometimes ugly.
Being Black is getting as much education as you can.
Being Black is trying to get a good paying job.
Being Black is getting along with the people that are not black.

Just because you are Black, doesn't mean you should hate.

Racism is one of the worst hates in the world. People should get along with one another no matter what color they are.

Disliking someone does not make the world any better.

by Sheila Barrow

Times Are Changing

People talk about the problems that are taking place today, and say to each other that things are getting worse. They talk about the possibility of war, and the unemployment rate. The truth is that presently history is taking a positive direction. If we take a look at history, we can see our best or worst times.

From history we can see that war is a symptom of not having enough communiction with others. Therefore, we can say that the peace talks between the United States and Russia are one of our best times, because they involve the reduction of nuclear weapons. On the other hand, Vietnam was one of our worst times. The Vietnam war is considered by many veterans to be a tragedy.

We also have improved through the civil rights movement. Today we are reaping those things resulting from the movement. Today there is more unity in the country, which is due to the efforts of those like Martin Luther King Jr., and one of our best presidents, John F. Kennedy. The civil rights movement is a two-fold period of time. In the begining, it started off as the worst possible thing that could happen to a nation, but as a result we have gained our rights from the struggle. If we recall the crash of the stock market back in 1929, we can say that we are stronger today comparing the result of the earlier crash and the 1987 incident.

We can see that if we concentrate on history, we are likely to not make the same mistakes. I would suggest that we notice and compare our best and worst times. In that way we can all agree that the future can be a brighter tommorow. Sometimes we as a people can see only that which is wrong, but we must understand that if we are at the bottom the only place we can go is up.

by Carlos Santiago

Same Sun

I wasn't born here but
It's the same sun
The same sun
Scalding sea and hilltop
Hollowing out tree trunks
Into purple cavities
Where lizards hide

Wood burning in a gully
Reminds me of grandma's backyard
On a sister island
There, there's burning of another kind
Run and hide
Lie if they ask you your name
Play the game

Nights here return to me
The chirping mysteries of childhood dreams
Minus drums in the hills
Minus the fear of a
Knock at the door from soldiers
Who invite you to their place
For keeps

It's the same sun but
I wasn't born here
It's the same black heads
Bearing baskets of yams, mangoes
But you won't find any of them
Disembodied in a gutter
Eyes wide open at the sky
Passers-by pass us by

It's the same sun for Bathsheba
As it is for La pointe
But children don't scoop up
Water from the gutter to bathe and drink
As they do in the land of Toussaint
Where I was born

by Leslie Chassagne

Slave Narratives

Assignment: Write a paragraph as if you were an African. Explain how you were taken into slavery.

It was a lonely, rainy wednesday night. My grandmother sent me to the store to get some bread for breakfast on thursday. On my way back from the grocery store, I noticed a strange sound around me, shadows and tramping. I swiftly turned around. I felt someone grab me around my throat and put the palm of their hand against my lips, so I couldn't yell or scream. I felt my legs getting off the ground at this point. My mouth was taped up; my hands were strapped to my back, and my feet were tied together. Tears started coming from my red, swollen eyes. I felt my body weaken. After lying on my face for about twenty to thirty minutes, I was knocked-out by a severe blow in the head from one of the strange men.

I woke up. It was approximately seven o'clock in the morning (you can tell by the sun direction). At this point, they put me in a jeep and drove me to this big large ship where the men had about a thousand people like myself. They were chained together next to each other, and they were screaming and crying for help. At some point I was beaten. After days and days passed, I felt the ship stop sailing. A few minutes later I was finally taken out of the ship. Me and my other companions [slaves] were taken by chains around the ankle and wrist by these very ugly white people with long blond hair, and a big smile on their faces. I was whipped and beaten by these men before I was taken to the farm where I would be working.

When I started working, I had a small amount of food, and I couldn't ask for anything. I was also working long hours. It's terrible. There is more to this, but not at this moment.

by Kumar Persaud

My name is Jeanette. I am a young Black African lady. I would like to tell you the story of my life. My family and I were about to eat our supper. This particular night, it was rainy and cold outside. We all sat down to eat our hot meal. It was very quiet besides the rain. Me and my husband and three daughters were on the floor eating. All of a sudden I heard this loud shout which sounded like a scream. Before my husband and I could move, six soldiers and four ladies grabbed my daughters and ran out of the house. When they returned, they grabbed my husband. They tied him up with a rope, put tape over his mouth, blindfolded him and took him to their jeep. Then they grabbed me from behind. I could feel the four men touching my body. They were supposed to be tying me up with the rope. They blindfolded me. They said that they were saving me for last because they could get more money for me. One of them said he wanted me for himself so he could treat me the way he knew I wanted me to be treated - like a real black slave nigger woman. They threw us all in the jeep, and took us where they take their slaves to be sold. They sold my kids to these whites, and I stood up and shouted, "You can't do that!" and someone smacked me, and told me to "sit my butt down." They beat my hus-

Continued

band till he damn near died. There was blood all over him. The only thing I remember is what they did to him. All I remember about myself was becoming a mistress to one of the soldiers. I had about ten of his kids before he sold me to another soldier.

I read a little about slavery. I thank God the world has changed. I'm glad I wrote this story, and maybe one day I can teach my three daughters about this world we lived in because they are the Black children of today.

by Jeanette Armstrong

One night my mother and I were sitting in my back yard watching the full moon. It was beautiful, a nice quiet night. Meanwhile, a horse and carriage pulled up. A white man got out and grabbed my mother. My mother yelled, "What is going on?!" The white man said, "It's your turn, nigger. You've been sold." My mother said, "What about my child? Who will take care of her?" I was frightened; tears ran down my face. The other white man came out and grabbed me. He said, "This little nigger has been sold to me." My mother yelled. She said, "Not my child! She can't do help. She is only ten years old." The white man smacked my mother and told her to shut up. Then he threw her in the carriage. I was scared, but I didn't say anything. The white man pulled me in his carriage and rode away. He took me to this dark tunnel. I just cried. I thought he was going to rape me. I went in, and all I could see was colored people like me: men and women. Some were chained to the wall, and some were hacking rocks. The white man pushed me in and threw me in the corner. He chained me by my arms and feet. My arms were in the air, and my feet weren't even touching the ground. The chains were tight on me. All I had on my mind was, "Are they going to kill me? What's happening to my mother? Is she alright? Will I ever see her again?"

by Keimoneia Redish

One day me and my sisters, Monqiue & Frontella, were playing ball in the yard. This was back in 1840. My sister said, "Look Bapitiece! Why is that white man standing over you?" I looked up, and the white man grabbed me and said, "Come on you black bitch! I want you for my slave." My sister ran into the house to call mama, but it was too late. I was already in their wagon. They drove me far into the woods. It was deserted, and I was frightened. The wagon stopped in the front of a big white house where there stood five white men. They were all talking to the man who grabbed me; "You only got one. Why didn't you bring more?" Then they said, "That's a mighty ugly one. Send her out to do my work over in the barn." The other one said, "No, let's have fun first, and then work her." I was their slave for 17 years before they sent me to a white lady. I was her slave for three years. I finally found a way to escape, and I was free to go home. My slavery days were over.

by Baptiece Hardie

Slave Narratives *(cont.)*

It was an August night when me and my three friends were captured by these white men. There were more than ten of them. They brought us to this big old stone castle. There were more than a hundred people; people who were slaves. They would scrub floors, wash walls and serve the people who had captured us and them. If they would not scrub the floors or wash the walls right, the white men would whip them with four feet long black whips. We were captured at the forest far from the tribe. They put us to do slavery work. We had to do everything that they commanded. We could hardly rest. It was a nightmare. After I was free with all of the time I'd been there, I went back to my family. It was the happiest day of my life, but my heart still aches for all the people who weren't let free. Some lived, some died, and some are still in slavery. As for my friends who weren't let free, I will remember them for the rest of my life.

by Miguel Melendez

Trash Can Fire

I had a neighbor named Eddie Rutter. He lived in Tompkins Square Park. Last winter, he sat with his friends sharing a bottle around a trash can fire. It was bitter cold. After the conversation and the drink were spent, Eddie fell asleep on his bench. His friends left him their blankets and extra coats. Sometime in the middle of the night, a cop who would tell you that he was "just following orders," put out Eddie's fire. The next morning his friends returned and found Eddie's frozen corpse on the bench where they had left him. This poem is for Eddie.

The Man
Makes laws.

People's
Hammer claws
His law
From our post.
    [Once a tree
    till it let itself be ruled.]

Curfew?
Fuck you!

We've laid waste your edict
To trash can fire.
This time
Rather than explode
It yielded gracefully
To the strong coals beneath.

It kept us warm
To build new societies
And bear difficult truths.

by Lori F. Shordone

Arrival

[This is an imaginary one]

My character is going back to where he used to live, and that's in the Bronx. To him, everything has changed. He notices that his home has disappeared. They have torn it down. He wants to find his house and fix it back up. He is disappointed with what he sees because he came back after five years, and he wanted to be in his home. It can be described as a nice little cottage home with a white top on it.

"I've just arrived here in this town. My first impression was good because I was walking, thinking about what I am going to do when I get to my home. It was peaceful for me, and inside was my nice little bed and my little TV, the bathroom, tub, sink. It had everything you could find in everybody else's house, but it was my house, and I want it back.

I don't believe this is happening to me. I come all the way up here, and I find out my house is gone. What am I going to do about this mess I am in? I haven't got what I want, and now I'm supposed to leave like nothing ever happened!

I guess I will go to my friend's house tonight. He will put me up for the night, hopefully. He probably knows what's going on. Maybe he will help me find my home.

Meanwhile, back at my friend's house, we are talking about what has happened, and we are drinking beer, getting drunk, and I fall asleep. I have these thoughts about my house. I know where it is at. Well, at least I think I know. It looks like a dump yard with a lot of junk and stuff. I see my stove and my bed. My bed, I see it! Now I am getting somewhere. I am starting to get back. Now I see the white top of my house and my fence to my backyard. Now maybe I will find out where my stuff is, and the street that this junkyard is on so my dreams can come true. But I can't seem to get the name of the street. All I know is that there is a whole lot of junk around there. That's what I will look for, a junk yard. Soon, I think, I will find what I came here for, my home, and what I took this journey for."

"Sam! Sam, wake up. Wake up."

"My Friend woke me up. I found it wasn't for real. It was a dream, just a dream. I thought I was going to find my home for real, but I haven't any idea where I can find it. Will you come with me and help me find my home?"

by Teisha McCartney

Subway Ride

I remember the last time I rode the train, coming from my girlfriend's house about 9:30 pm. Now, I understand it was late and you have to watch out for everybody, but being obvious about it really can hurt another person. Now, I'm riding the train and I notice a lot of people are staring at me, maybe because I'm the only Black teenager in the whole car, but that's alright, I say, because I'm sort of used to it.

So I get off the train at my stop and walk to catch another train, but walking in front of me is an older lady, about 45 maybe. I see her look back as if she is frightened or something, so I slow down just to make her feel comfortable. And that's when she really makes me mad. When she sees a cop and shouts "These black niggers get on my nerves," and runs and walks with the cop. That's what makes me mad.

by Kevin Brown

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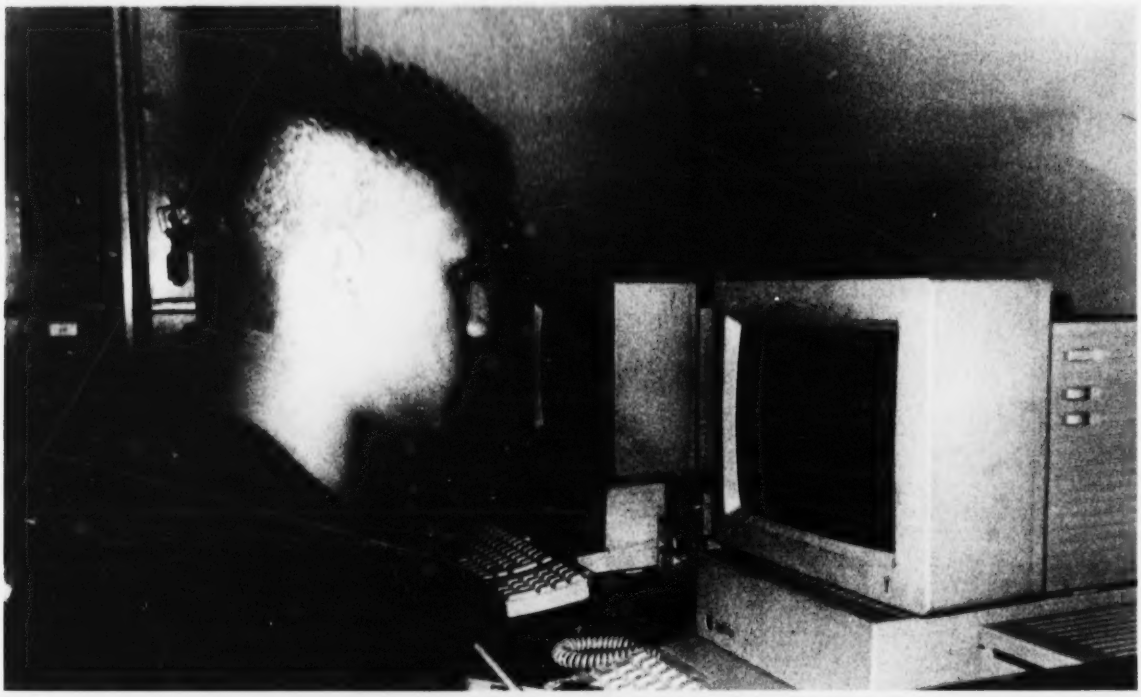
FANTASIES & FEELINGS



Fantasy

An imaginary place that I've witnessed
Is the sky. In my dreams
I saw the sky, with a lot of angels
crawling around like babies
with wings and with their little bodies naked.
They looked very pretty.
I also saw one looked like my baby.
She was looking so gorgeous
I wanted to touch her.
But I couldn't because
she was very far from me.
And God doesn't let anybody
that has bad feelings
touch his angels.
I felt so sad about it
I woke up crying
because I couldn't touch my daughter.

by Yessenia Acosta

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The Silent Voice That is Only Heard From Within

The voice is so loud
But it seems that no one can hear it.
The piercing voice that wants to express
The inner feelings
Is compressed.
Searching
As the voice increases
Getting louder and louder
Hoping to be heard.

As the voice gets louder
The pitch gets stronger.
Deeper
As you can hear the rage
Wanting to be heard.
Asking, "Why can't I be heard
But by only one person?"

Finally, the mouth opens.
The moment has arrived.
The voice was so strong, so confined.
Now, it can't get enough courage.
The mouth is left open
Nothing comes, but the cry of the hurt
That cannot be spoken.

by Lucille Gonzales

My Room is Like my Friend

There's no confusion in my room; it is simply peace. I talk to my walls, and if only my walls could talk then I would be in big trouble. My walls are a safe green.

When you walk into my room it's like meeting the friend you always wanted. You can lie down, close your eyes softly, and let your thoughts run wild.

Only special people are allowed in my room. I can't have stupidity in my room; it may disturb my walls, and when I lie down, my walls may be angry with me and not listen anymore. So all that goes on outside of my room stays outside of my room, because when you enter, there's nothing but peace.

by Raquel Stevenson

Rhyme

Everyone should have a positive mind
So don't sell drugs or rob because
you'll be left behind
You'll either be in jail and you
won't have bail
Setting in the corner waiting for mail
Thinking of the bad things you done
wishing you were out having fun.
But when you do a crime
You always pay the time.

by Crystal McRae

Metaphors and Similes

The man is a grandfather.
The pearl is the oyster's.
The plaster is the statue.

Light as a rock,
As soon as day,
So fresh a smell as lemons.

by Vendetta Hines

Who Am I?

My name is Deanna Rogers, and I live in Brooklyn. I am twenty-three years old. I still live at home with my mother and sisters and my one brother. I have one baby, a girl named Sharell. I am now going back to school to get my GED and maybe go to college for two years, and then I hope to get a good paying job.

I am a very serious, concerned person who cares about what happens to my family and friends and also what happens out there in the world too, because I feel that the world is a part of me. I am an unforgiving person. Sometimes if a person says the wrong thing or does something to me then I am easily hurt by them. I am also good natured, loyal and affectionate. I am a very talkative, trustworthy, fun loving person. Most of all, I am very a demanding, serious, dependable, well dressed person who is five feet one.

by Deanna Rogers

Early Birds

Hogging up the seats for
themselves, men sit on
the train with their legs
wide open.
Is this the price I have to pay
for a lousy token?

Men and women,
some sitting, some standing,
some reading, some sleeping.
You see all types.
These people riding the train
early in the morning.
They could have been home dreaming
of sugared candy stripes.
All cozy sleeping in their own beds
with the pillows fluffed up nicely
under their heads.

Fat, skinny, tall and small
boy, I'm not having a ball.
Wishing I was back at the comfort of my home.
Resting, watching TV or just
talking on the phone.
I wish I was home.

I wish I was home.

by Sandra Serrano

Cannibals

A bunch of wild, vicious, hungry dogs ran down a wild pig with their masters controlling them. One of the men was holding down a dog. Another man is holding another dog with a leash and calling the dog while the last man is blowing a horn to signal the dogs to stop. It looks like they are hunting game, and the food for the day.

by Michael Cosme

In The Flesh (for PK)

I

What am I hanging for?
I would ask Eliot, but
he is dead.
I can't be under
my house, my knees
would be in the dust.

II

Had a real smooth body
beneath me this morning.
Knew there wasn't
any need to worry.
Except for the horse
on the ridge, the person
on the animal.

III

For years I had this
problem with the hip,
the stuck piece in
one of those tiny puzzles.
The old folks had sense.
They used to border
the land with trees.
Ah, but we have to have
more modern.

IV

Or was it my neck?
I stand in the kitchen
staring at the new wife.
I've not told her
my dislocation... wonder
What she'll say
to my x-ray, to my
horse nightmare, the bit
on the bedroom floor...

V

I'm hanging among the zaboca
at the back of the yard. No,
the Mirandas would have
called the police by now.
She the wife was a police,
or she was a turnkey, or
matron, I forget. Her son
John had a big head,
and smiled to himself
a lot. His sister? well,
success with a large,
ice-cream empire isn't all,
you know I could be
dead among the leaves.

VI

I'm invited to dinner.
The lady with big hands
is cooking up a storm
of rattles, and antlers
and other bony parts.
She believes in cheekbones,
the higher the better.
She makes the hired poet
repeat the part of her rhyme
that calls for mayhem, she
moves me around the table 'til
she's satisfied
no one else is coming.
She pays the poet.
she has resources.

VII

I rise.
I push away the lily pad,
earth's scaffold.
Heaven lets me swing.
I'm more than a cloud,
I'm convinced.

by Mervyn Taylor

48

Little Boy

As you walk and look around,
the sound you hear
seems underground.
The cars go by in rushing lanes,
which leaves you still
and you remain.

At the corner there is a little boy,
doing tricks for money
with his little toy.
You stop and stare with eyes of
"Why?"
Wondering if he comes from
the lonely side.
As you stare he looks up at you.
You see the tiny face which is
looking blue.

You wonder why he's doing this,
but deep inside you know
he's coming from the dark-sided
mist.

by Joyce Flores

Recipe for Angel Food Cake

Take a cup of kindness
Mix it well with love
Add a lot of patience
And faith in God above,
Sprinkle very generously
With joy and thanks and cheer,
And you'll have lots of
"Angel food cake"
to feast on all through the year.

by Angel Thomas

Hansel and Gretel: Crackin'

Hansel and Gretel got lost.
Couldn't read the signs.

Top floor of the gingerbread house
Piss and sulfur pit, mattress of mud.
Eyes crossed and losing teeth
Hansel and Gretel got lost.
Couldn't read the signs.
Dropped their bread crumbs and the birds ate.

Dozer D. Bull says 'I want.'
Gretel is bashed against the sloppy mortar of the brick wall.
No meat on her bones, pelvis crunching,
Stomach filled with desperate vomit,
Eyes crossed and losing teeth,
D. Bull sprays his cat piss
And drops five on the mattress.

Hansel grabs the soggy five
And crawls to the nearest slot.
Pops five in slot and a gloved hand
Tosses five into a box filled with ammunition.
A throaty laugh slides out the slot.
Chariot of the dogs.

Upstairs in the gingerbread house,
Gretel, knees knocking, pelvis crushed,
Pissed on and pissing, shits herself, thinks herself shit.
Eyes crossed and losing teeth,
Hopes the witch won't throw her into the oven.

Doesn't know the witch already threw her in
And split town.

No fairy tale business this.

Hansel and Gretel got lost.
Couldn't read.

by Terry O'Brien

Simmie Lee

Telemachus on his knotted paws,
on his damp boards and newspapers,
Telemachus sleeping by the steampipe,
hunting the red moon,
his memories in retreat and he after,
racing the aged bulging eyeballs,
stopped by Simmie who beat him with a chain.
She who had fed him and rubbed his sore neck
stared at her sons with the anger of stone,
with all the sorrow of her neighborhood,
she turned to the dog, to his muscled back,
and struck,
chain ringing against the shine of his fur,
daylight shattering in the room

where Simmie grew old
between dog and the splintered moonlight,
at the edge of knife fights and roof love,
all noted, all to be punished,
she witnessing, the night the moon turned red,
a sliver of a boy's cheek tossed to the sky,
and the red moon stayed
and the dog lay down
and died.
Now she's left, with machete and teeth,
to fight off thieves,
she raises her arm to their throats
and her eyes to Jehovah,
pleads to stay clean of blood,
they run, she hacks, the nicks
in the bannister will catch a glove
if someone comes to find her

huddled on the narrow bed in front of the tv,
forgetting to comb her hair,
unable to cut the toenails on her bent feet,
the wood and the stone entering her,
the sad mask of Telemachus gone,
sons dead or in prison.

Continued

Childhood Poem

Lying so content, watching
the bright and shining colors
that surround me, I wait
for arms to reach me.
suddenly I'm lifted.
from my resting place.
Peace seems to fill me.

As I grow, laughter
overtakes me. I find joy in
whatever comes my way.
I hear the calling of
mother's voice now and then.

As time passes the laughter
stops and suddenly,
I'm a woman.

by Denise Edwards

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Simmie Lee *(cont.)*

She sleeps with her Bible,
no sister or brother in the church
climbs the five flights to her door.
She forgetting the voice of the preacher
she forgetting the thunder, she dreams of killing
the ones who killed her David, who took her Noah,
she forgetting their faces, she sees them as children
and Simmie still flesh and blood under the silver moon,
she wants to remember everything,
she will try to remember everything, she is thinking
she will step off the ledge of her building
her voice will ring out, she will spit fire falling
become a train shattering, on impact, her mortal enemies,
but she will want to stop and hunt in the shadows for each one lost
she will want to stop striking and falling
but she can't
and the rain is falling beneath the red moon
and it is her

by Anya Achtenberg

Voices

Well, this is a place
where everybody is confused,
and nobody knows what to do.
Where the people walk around
forward and back
without knowing where to go.
Where the babies are born,
and mothers don't even know
what to do with them.
Where the people are not the same
as long ago.
Where the food is not the same
as long ago.
Where life is not easy,
where I live - "the world."

by Yessenia Acosta

Three Poems

I feel alone even when I am
surrounded by many people. I feel like
I'm in a corner and it's my world and
my toy figures are moving around.

The bee may kiss the birds goodbye
the buttercup, the butterfly.
Berries blossom into spring.

Her heart was like two moons
Blocking the sun. Why won't she shout?
Beautiful creature, only God could create something
So cold and wonderful. The temptation is unbearable.

by Caprice Lane

Life

Is what you make out of it.
If you stay your black or white behind in school
you can make Life a little easier.
But if you fuck up, buddie you're fucked!
Not unless you do like I did or better.
Get back in.
Man, I am telling you it's hard out here.
Drugs are not the move anymore.
Now is the time to say,"Forget this!
I have to keep going on in my life."
Just keep this in mind. You can do it.
Don't look back. Look ahead.
And you will make it !!!!!!!!!

by Anthony Blair

The Queen of China

Who Is Very High Class

Once upon a time, there was a certain queen of China. Her name was Tee. She lived in a fancy castle, and she was very wealthy. However, she was not very happy. So she tried to have a good time.

Every evening, Tee would have a party, and she invited all the local townspeople. Anyone who was wealthy or famous was also welcome to attend.

There was a man who wasn't famous nor wealthy but who longed to go to Tee's famous parties. He just wanted to be with Tee but never received an invitation so he stayed at home night after night.

This man was called Dee. One day Dee heard that Tee was having a special party for unmarried men who were rich! Dee was single, but he wasn't rich. Even so, Dee took his savings and purchased an invitation for the party.

That night Dee arrived at the castle and was awed! So many rich men! And they all waited in line to dance with the stunning Queen Tee! His eyes were fixed on the beautiful Queen Tee. Tee saw him and smiled. She bypassed every man and approached Dee. "Shall we dance?" asked Queen Tee. Tee and Dee made a lovely couple! What would she think of Dee if Tee knew that he was a poor man?

Could the Queen accept Dee in marriage? Or would she order his head cut off by the executioner? Queen Tee knew of the man's lack of wealth, but she loved him dearly. And they danced the night away. Everyone admired them and whispered. Before the party ended Queen Tee announced their marriage plans. Everyone exploded with delight and wished them much joy! The good news traveled far and wide. Queen Tee and King Dee lived happily forevermore.

by Erik Porter

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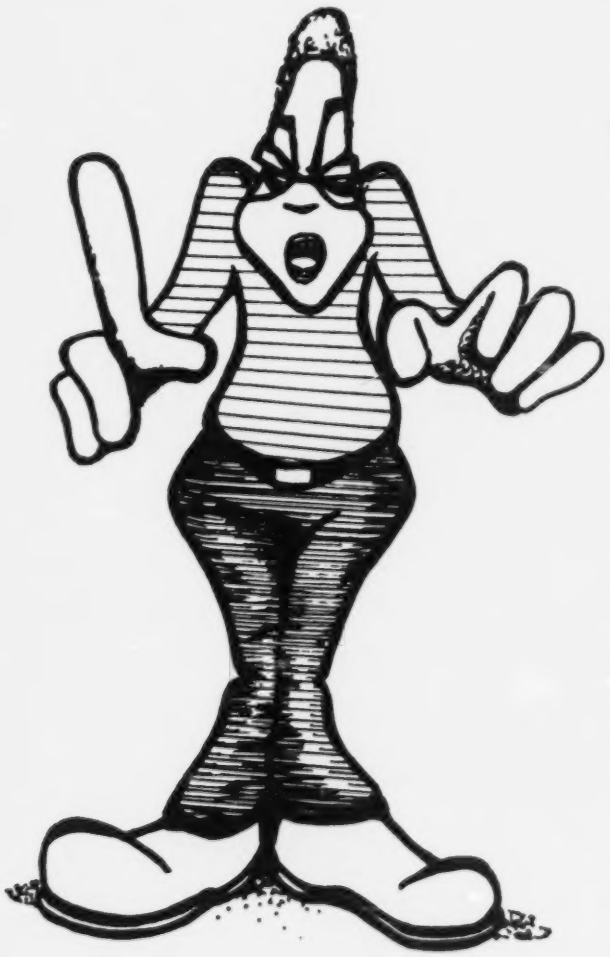
A Series of Lie Poems

The Bronx is the most beautiful
place you'd ever want to live in.
The streets are clean,
And everyone is as pleasant as
the smell of flowers.
There are no drugs or crime at night.
The streets are lit-up with lights.

I'm as dumb as a door knob
I can't think for myself.
I just sit around till someone moves me.
I'm afraid to talk because
someone will notice my illiteracy.

by Janice Smith



I walk down the block
and count the money I made.
Then I step into the clinic,
and I find out that I have AIDS.

I don't worry much
because nothing is really wrong
For at a pinch of a needle
The AIDS is all gone.

I have so much money
I don't know what to do.
I also have a mansion
And my brother has one, too.

I drive around the city
In a car that's made of gold,
And I go to Puerto Rico
When the weather gets cold.

I always have thousands
In the palm of my hands,
And I want you all to know
That I'm the million dollar man.

by Kevin Olivencia

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Lie Poems *(cont.)*

I am so fat that when I walk down the street
people think that I'm a human meatball.
Every restaurant I pass by,
people run after me with forks in their hands.

by Barbara Livingston

I am so tall
I have to duck when I get on the train in the morning.
I am taller than my oldest brother
who is a basketball center for the Knicks,
and I have to sew two pairs of pants together so they can fit me.

I am so nice
I won the Nobel Prize in 1970.
I go downtown and give out food to the homeless,
and babysit while they get some sleep.

by Latisha Smith.

He vacuums
and dusts
and does the laundry
and the dishes.
He talks so much
it becomes annoying.
He's always thoughtful
and never forgets an occasion.

When I come in from work
dinner's on the table
and flowers too.
The children are fed
and ready for bed.
The news is on television
and is the topic of conversation.

He draws a bubble bath
and brings champagne.
Before slumber
he massages every aching muscle.
And sings me to sleep.

by Catherine Grechkosey

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A Story

Once upon a time, long long ago in France in the year 1804, there was a king by the name of Charles De Paris, a very mean king at that. At that time, he enjoyed very much beating on women and having them as his slaves. The king had a very big mansion, and it had to be taken care of very well. But as time went on, the women all got together in the garden one late night and decided to kill the king once and for all.

One night as the king was calling for service, his slaves did not answer. The king became extremely angry and went searching for his slaves with a big whip. But little did the king know, his slaves had let in a wild grizzly bear. And at that time, the grizzly bear was very hungry and ate the king from head to toe. And the women lived happily ever after.

by Derrick Dixon

To Know You I'd Do Anything

Our nations are running
their plotted grounds under the sun.
No strain of thinking is
strong enough for everyone.
So we choose
a way of believing
and live in distant glum.
Too frightened
to conceive of us
we live
one to one.
But one to one gets boring.
The truth is in the tone.
Pain becomes delerium.
The wars are just no fun.
And we can't turn back,
it's not funny,
expectation is
nothing new.
If this inspired state of conflict
doesn't kill us
separation will.

by Sandy Vogel

NEW EDITIONS

Parenting

Would you bring up your children the way that you parents raised you? I would raise my son in some ways the way I was raised. The ways I would raise my son are to have values and to respect his elders. The values I would want my son to have are to help me with the responsibilities and also to value what he has. I would also raise him to be the best he could be. I want him to lean on me when he needs a shoulder to cry on or even if he just needs a friend to talk to. I would want to have a good relationship with my children, unlike me and my mother. My mother and I don't get along to this day. She says that it's because I'm just like my father, but I feel differently.

I would also teach my son to share and not to be selfish. I would try not to spoil him. I would also show him discipline. I wouldn't be too strict with him because he's a boy, but I would give him curfews and punishments. It would be completely different if I had a girl. I feel you have to be more strict with the girls because the girls get reputations if they get too loose. I would teach him everything, and if he needed any protection, I would want him to tell me so I could take him to the place. I would be the same way if it was my daughter. I would try not to favor one of my kids, and to bring them up in a religious household. Last but not least, I would want my child to be himself/herself.

by Carmen Mercado

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How to Raise a Child

When raising a child, you must know everything there is to know. Everyone thinks it's easy to raise a child, but it is not. You must keep all of your appointments for the clinic until it is time for you to have your baby. When it is time for you to have the baby you will get pains (contractions). After your baby is born you will have to follow all the instructions the doctor gives you.

You must take your child to get its checkups whenever the doctor tells you. It is important that your child goes to the clinic when he or she is supposed to see a doctor. You must know when to feed your child, when to change your child, how much to feed your child, and when he or she needs to be held. If you hold your children all the time they will want you to hold them everytime they cry.

Your child needs to know who and where his mother is.

When your child starts to talk you must teach that child discipline, respect and how to talk to people.

Your child should know when and how to do something, if that child is of age. No parent should beat up on a child if that child didn't do anything. Children are young and they don't understand the world or the things that parents say to their children.

All I am saying is be patient with your child and nothing could go wrong. Be a good parent, and don't let anyone tell you how to raise your child, if you know what you're doing. You are the only one that can chastise your child the right way.

by Danette Evans

Joy and Pain

Joy is the smile on a child's face.
Pain is the piercing of a knife
through the heart with no trace.
Joy is watching your child
taking first steps.
Pain is watching him learn
through falling depths.
Joy is knowing that you're needed.
Pain is being mistreated.
Joy is knowing that because of your child,
today is perfect
and tomorrow will be even lovelier.
Pain is not having moments of joy.

by Sandra Serrano

Teenage Pregnancy

Teenage pregnancy is a big problem in New York City. It takes up most of the lives of young teenage girls. It stops their education.

Teenage pregnancy is a big problem. A lot of young girls who get into this situation don't really know half the things they should about bringing a baby into this world. They don't realize the responsibilities and time a baby takes from a person. When a baby is growing up it needs a lot of time spent with its parents. The first few years are the most important both for the child and the parents. The first few years are also the determination of what kind of personality and characteristics the child is going to have. When a baby is real young he tends to learn who his parents are by the time spent around them getting used to feeling the warmth and caring of a mother or father. Parents often have to wait until a child becomes older before they can go on to work. Schools in New York City don't accept a child in school younger than the age of three. This can stop the life of a young teenager from progressing.

Young girls should really think strongly about their education. When you have a good education you have a different outlook on life. You can give a good example to your child of what you have done with your life to encourage the child to do the same. When you don't have a good education you have to work twice as hard to achieve what you want to achieve. I remember when I was about the age of fifteen how my mother used to push me to go to school, and how I used to leave home to go to school and never get there. In the long run, I only fooled myself, and I'm paying for it now. There is no fun that can match up to the time I wasted not going to school. But you can believe that I'm paying for it mow. When you have a child you cannot continue your education because the baby takes that time up. Then the time that you spent with the child could have been time spent preparing yourself for a better education so that you could offer to your child something that has been completed, not something that was just half way done.

As time goes by it does not get easier especially for those girls who are single parents. When your child is growing up you start to get very attached to him and sometimes you can forget that you have things to achieve in your own life so that you can make his life easier. Remember, when you climb a full ladder your child has less to climb. When you climb half, he only has half a ladder to climb, but when you don't climb it at all he has the whole thing to climb. When you have a child you must keep a lot of things in mind. One of the things you must keep in mind is that a child can get sick at any unexpected time and that will cause you to have to leave school or work to attend to your child's needs.

I strongly feel that there should be some kind of solution to this problem, something that can help these young teenagers figure out another plan to first be prepared before they have a child.

Continued

Teenage pregnancy is a shame. It has a lot to do with education, family talks, more understanding. A baby should not be having a baby, and if you think life is tough for you now, wait until you have another person you have to mind besides yourself. Why give yourself a heavier load, when you can't even carry the one load you have? Think about what you can offer your child. Don't be selfish; don't let your child settle for less when you can be prepared to offer him all you have and he deserves.

by Frances Hernandez

My Mother

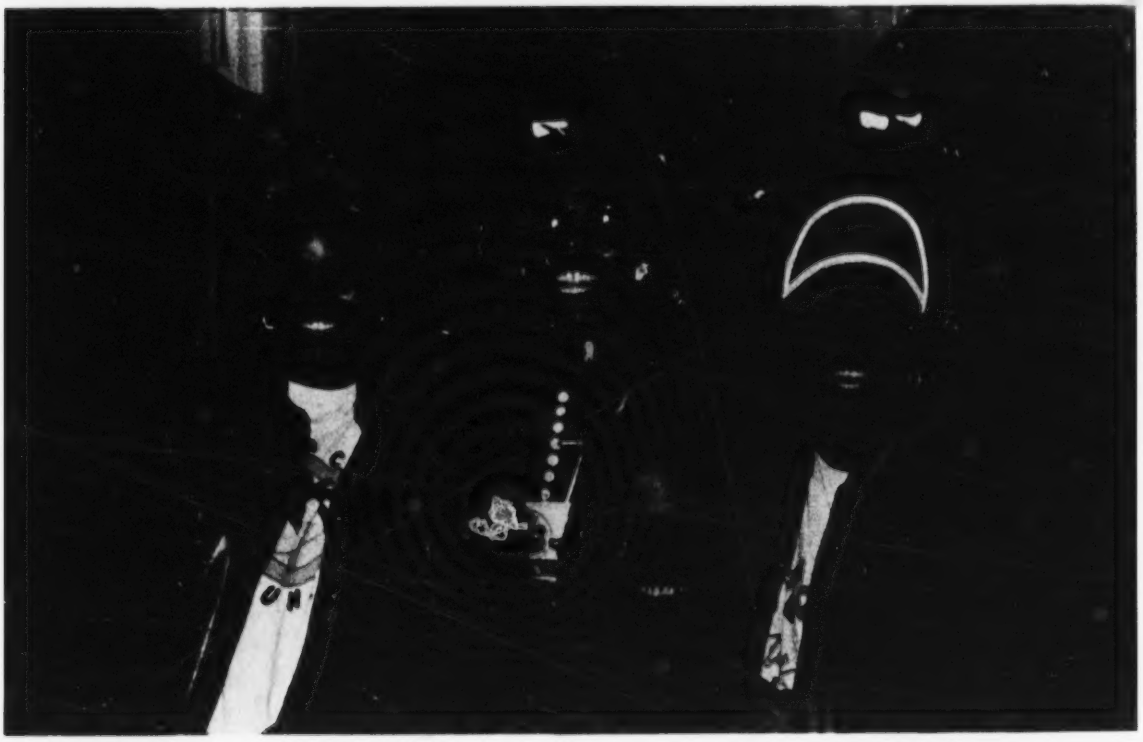
My mother was a sweet old lady but her skin looked very young. It was a brown sugar color, and with her blue eyes she was the sweetest thing I knew. She was never poor; she always had money, even though her race was Black. Not rich, but she was just the type of person that had money all the time.

The way she would rock the chair she looked so snug and content. She would just sit and rock back and forth. She was also a TV addict and loved to cook all the time. She would take me to church every Sunday. It was so much fun. Now that she's gone, I'm trying to do the best I can.

I miss my mother very much. I wish that I could bring her back. Sometimes, I used to think she was all I had in this world. Now she's gone and I'm still here, but not by myself. I have a little boy. Yes, a son, and to me he's my one and only. I love him very much.

by Emma Hymes

BLOOD TIES



Father & Daughter : Love & Confusion

I walk into the room,
I look at my father.
My father looks at me.
Is there hate or is there
no understanding each other?
I feel like I'm a picture on the wall.
If I'm there I'm there,
and if I'm not
I'm not.
Why can't we get along?
I love him,
and I know he loves me.
But why does it seem like
we don't know each other?
Why daddy?
Your daughter wants to know.
I LOVE YOU.

by Anilda Tirado

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Make Me Understand

I try so hard to understand, but it's hard.
I try to love you, you push me away.
I try to talk to you, you ignore me.
Is it because I'm dark, and you're light?
Is it because I'm a girl not a boy?
Is it because I'm not a genius, but smart?
Make me understand.

by Sheila Barrow

Poem About My Childhood

Kindergarten, times of beginnings
learning about life was a wonder

Reaching out for mommy at night
sometimes she was not in sight

Playing, forever it seems
Thinking the security would be endless

Dreams and flying machines
childhood memories, such mixed up feelings times.

by David Baron

Family Problems

What I am about to write is based on a true story. It may be something similar to what you have or haven't experienced before. It's based on a family affair which took place on Thanksgiving night. A lady was dragged down the steps by her so-called lover, and this lady was seven months pregnant. He dragged her back to the apartment to keep on beating her up. His mother tried to get in the way, but he told her to mind her own business. Then his sister heard, and she got in the problem. Him and his sister started arguing. So he slapped her, and she slapped him back. He told her a lot of bad words that I can't mention. His mother started screaming because she was nervous, so their father separated them.

Continued

He took his wife by the hair, dragged her to room, and beat her up till she couldn't take it any more. She shot him with everything. She hit him in the eye with a brush, and when he went to look at his eye in the mirror she tried to run out of the room, but he caught her. She stared screaming for help. He slapped her face. When his sister heard the lady calling for help, she told her mother to run to the neighbor's house and call the police. So his mother told the cops that her son was trying to kill his wife. That way the cops could hurry up, and the cops told her they would be there in ten minutes.

His mother went in and told her daughter that the cops were coming in ten minutes, but he overheard them. He came out and told his mother it wasn't her business, but she said it was her business if he was trying to kill his wife in her house, and that because his wife is pregnant he's going to jail when the cops come. He told her to shut up.

He went back to the room and got his coat and told his wife that if she pressed charges she was going to regret it. Then he left the apartment. When the police came over to see what was happening the lady got nervous and started crying. The cops sat down next to her and asked her what was happening, and she told them the problem she had with her husband. The cops told her to take it easy.

The next morning, she woke up and got dressed. She told her husband's family that she wanted to go to court to speak to a lawyer. She wanted to talk to the lawyer and tell him the problem so the lawyer could take her in to speak to the judge, and then the judge could give her an order of protection against her husband. She told them that she was going to do it. They told her that if her husband comes back looking for problems to call back the police and they would take him to the precinct to find out his side of the story.

Around twenty minutes later, he came back. He went to the room and called her in. So she went in. He told her that he was very sorry for what had happened, and he started crying. She felt sorry for him and accepted his apology. So they went back together. Then he went out and apologized to his mother and sister because the knew he was wrong, and they accepted it.

Now the baby is 8 1/2 months old, and he tells his mother that he don't care about his wife and kid. He says he only wants to get rid of them because he's sick of them. They don't know what to do. But the question I ask myself is, what is this lady still doing in their house if she is being ignored by everybody. I can't find an answer. Can you?

by Rafael Chiclana

It's Almost Day

Darkness surrounds, no friends to be found,
but It's Almost Day....

This ship has been lost at sea, and there's
no land as far as I can see,
but It's Almost Day....

I fight against the storm, my body wracked
with pain, sometimes my mind feeling torn,
but It's Almost Day....

Hold on, hold on, I hear in a distant cry
be strong, be strong is what the soul of
mine crys,
'cause It's Almost Day....

by Racine Henderson
October 1987

"For now we see as through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I shall know in full, even as I have been fully known"

I Corinthians 13:12

The passing of Racine from our community this spring was a blow which few of us have completely fathomed. This space is offered to celebrate the life and savor the memory of this good man.

Who We Are -- The YALA Journal Staff

Sheila Barrow is from Vera. She is 25, and she has two kids. Sheila enjoyed arguing over what pieces we should put in the journal. She also enjoyed using the word processor and taking photographs. Sheila's contributions to the journal are "Being Black" and "Make Me Understand."

Anthony Blair came to YALA from TIP. He is 23 years old and single. What he enjoyed most about the journal class was working with extraordinary people. The pieces he submitted to the journal are called "Love," "Life" and "A Real Woman."

David Delgado came to YALA through BSA. He is 19 years old. He is pictured, with his little sister and his friend on the following page. David most enjoyed taking pictures and doing the art work for the journal. His contributions include the front cover, an illustration and much of the photography.

Dannette Evans is from Pius XII. She is 20 years old, and she has two kids, a boy and a girl. What she enjoyed most about the journal was putting the work into the word processor, and taking pictures. The works she contributed to the journal are "If You Never Try" and "How to Raise a Child."

Willie Malloy is from Vera, and she is 19 years old. What she enjoyed most about the journal class was being able to interpret good writing, and having her poem, "Temptation," published in a book. She says that she enjoyed the experience, and she is proud to have been a part of it.

Curletta McClanahan comes from Manhattan Valley. She is 19 years old and very much single. Her favorite part of class was discussing the writing. Her poem in the journal is "Men are Dogs."

Crystal McRae is from Grand Street. She is 18 years old. What she enjoyed most about the journal was putting the work into the word processor. The pieces she submitted to the journal are called "Rhyme" and "Drugs."

Natalie Moore is from YMCA. She is 23 years old, and she has a son who is two years old. What she enjoyed most about the journal was working on the word processor.

April Neal is from YMCA. She is 19 years old, and she lives in Brooklyn. The poem she submitted to the journal is "How Deep is Your Love?"

Deanna Rogers is also from YMCA. She's 23 years old,and she has a daughter who is one year old. She has enjoyed working on the computer, and reading the work. The piece she submitted to the journal is called "Who Am I?"

Robin Sowell comes from Pius XII. She is 25 years old, and she has a daughter who is 8 years old. What she has enjoyed most about the journal was voting on the pieces, reading the work and putting it into the word processor. The writings she submitted are called "Believe," "Remember" and "My Hobby, Dancing."

Ron Wilson came to YALA through BSA. He is 17 and single. His favorite part of the class seemed to be taking pictures, particularly of women.

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YALA STAFF

Anya Achtenberg ..... Instructor
Craig Bailey ..... Instructor
Ivonne Benejam ..... Counselor
Stephanie Berry ..... Instructor
James Billups ..... Instructor
Ursula Boone ..... Aide
John Busardo ..... Custodian
Edward Campbell ..... Security Guard
Leslie Chassagne ..... Instructor
Johanna Chowaniec ..... OTPS Manager
Rufino Colon ..... Building Coordinator
Sr. Barbara Costello ..... Instructor
Deysi Fernandez ..... Payroll Secretary
Ena Fox ..... Instructor
Delores Garland ..... Security Guard
Catherine Grechkosey ..... Convener
David Greene ..... Instructor
Lois Griffith ..... Instructor
Audra Harris ..... CCP Aide
Fred Herbert ..... Security Guard
Judith Horvay ..... Instructor
Bill Jung ..... Instructor
Sallyann Keith ..... Instructor
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Chad Marshall ..... Student Activities
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Anne Meisenzahl ..... Instructor
Fred Meyer ..... Instructor
Phyllis Mitchell ..... Coordinator
Edmond Nurse ..... Instructor
Terry O'Brien ..... Systems Manager
Charles Oliver ..... Instructor
Luis Perez ..... Systems Assistant
Pat Ralphs ..... Instructor Emeritus
Catherine Restifo ..... Instructor
Lisa Rijos ..... Aide
Lori F. Sbordone ..... Convener
Molly Smollett ..... Instructor
Rod Sorge ..... Administrative Assistant
Mervyn Taylor ..... Convener
Rachel Theilheimer ..... Instructor
Tim Tietze ..... Instructor
Laura Vargas ..... CCP Assistant
Nelly Velez ..... Counselor
Sandy Vogel ..... Instructor
Dian Walker ..... Instructor
Theodora Waters ..... Instructor
Willie Williamson ..... Fireman
Frank Wirmusky ..... Curriculum Coordinator
Earle Yearwood ..... Instructor
Mohamed Zamir ..... Computer Manager
Mark Zuss ..... Instructor

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Community Based Organizations

Banana Kelly - Offsite

Boy Scouts of America
- Project Director: Dr. Clinton E. Berry, Jr.
- Counselors: Diane Dickerson, Glenn Williams & Gail Walker

Educational Planning Institute - Offsite

Flatbush Development Corporation
- Project Director: Eileen Doyle
- Assistant Project Director: Shirley Brown
- Counselors: Widchard Faustin & Denise Fletcher

Grand Street Settlement
- Project Director: Fred Oglesby
- Courselor: Ana Sanchez & Stan Morse

Lower East Side Catholic Area Conference - Offsite

Manhattan Valley Youth Program
- Project Director: Richard Brown
- Counselors: Miguel Casellas, Veronica Scudder & Ericka Johnson

Pius XII Youth and Family Services
- Project Director: Pat Smith
- Counselors: Dudley Glasse & Donna Rose

Ridgewood Bushwick Senior Citizens Council
- Project Director: Hollie Shaw
- Counselors: Michael Perry & Paul Harris

Tremont Improvement Program
- Project Director: Thomas Wills
- Counselors: Acquanetta Purifoy & Barbara Brunson-Shedrick

Vera Institute of Justice
- Project Director: Lois Mitchell
- Counselors: Chansonette Foster, Tyrone Burnett & Ralph McMillan

Wildcat Service Corporation
- Project Director: Ron Tabano
- Counselors: Raymond Estelle & Jerome Yeiser

YMCA Technical School of Greater New York
- Project Director: Corwin Spivey
- Counselors: Robert Blount & Norman Damon

Youth Action Program - Offsite

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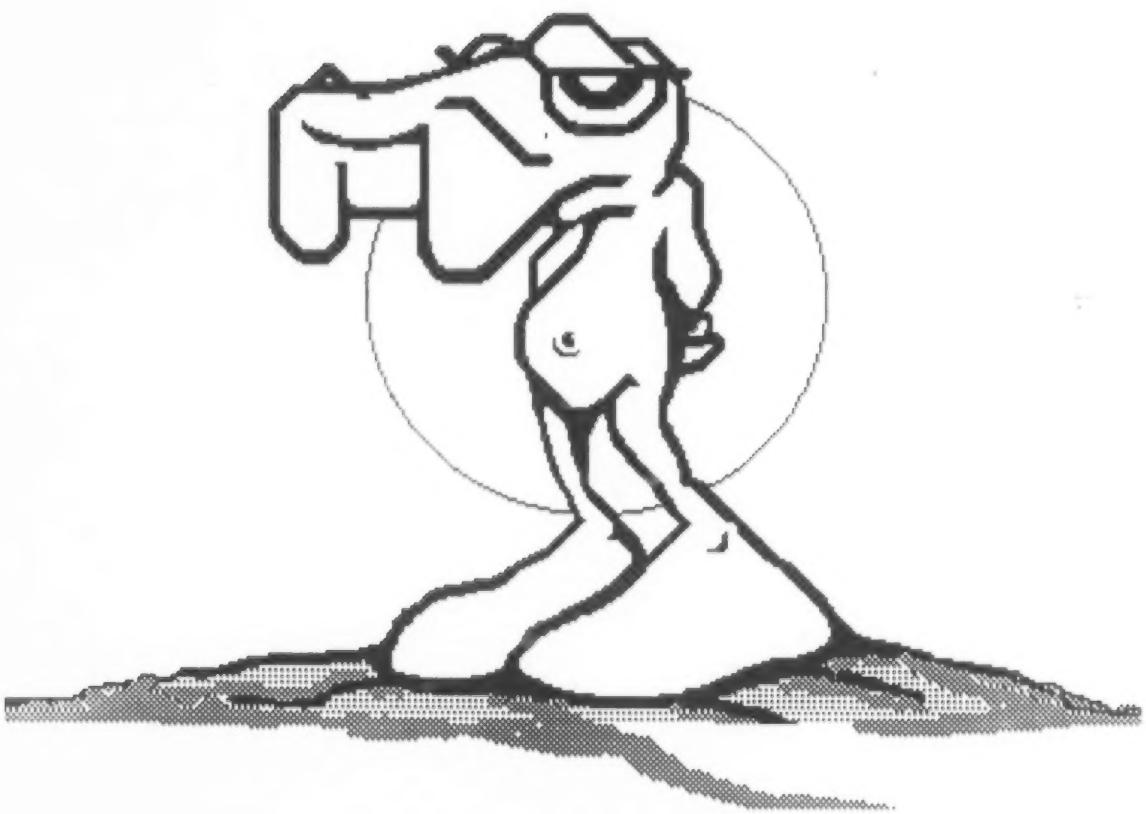
Autographs



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Vessenia
Acosta